

## KING'S PRISONERS.

Love in his net has taken us and bound us,  
Hath plighted hands and feet right fast  
with him;  
Our Master's mesh of gold goes round and  
round as  
cunningly wrought, and fairly fine and thin.  
To hold us in.  
O Love divine, O larger Love, come take us,  
Weave thy sweet net outside our house of  
love;  
Prisoners of Love, O Love divine, come make us  
Caught in thy snares, and seeking not to rove  
Outside thy love.  
—Katherine Tynan.

## HUNTED BY A HOUND.

"The man eater is mad!"  
I looked at the tall Texan apprehensively.  
"Are you certain?" I asked.  
"I know it. I had my suspicions yesterday and now there is no doubt of it."  
This was serious. The man eater was the largest and most ferocious bloodhound in Texas. It was hard enough to control him at any time, but mad—I shuddered at the thought!  
My week's visit at the Bolton ranch had satisfied me that my host really cared for only two things in the world—his daughters and the man eater.  
"Where is Miss Sallie?" I inquired anxiously.  
"Oh, that's all right," replied Bolton carelessly. "Sallie took her pony and went off for a ride an hour ago, and the hound is safe enough. I took him by the collar just now and looked him up where he won't get at anybody. But it breaks me up, old fellow; I wouldn't lose him for anything."  
My interest began to weaken. Miss Sallie was safe, and the dog was locked up. What was a bloodhound to me? If the savage monster died, so much the better.

I walked off to the stable. A ride over the prairie was not to be missed on such a morning, and there would be a chance of riding back with Sallie.

But I was doomed to disappointment. My horse was lame. It did not take long to convince me that somebody had been riding him the night before.

Just then Pedro came in sight. The ugly little Mexican gave a start when he saw me and looked away.

"You yellow rascal!" I shouted; "you had my horse last night!"

"No, señor."

"No, by all the saints, señor."

"Then where were you at midnight?"

"I was attending to my business," snapped Pedro.

He looked so viciously mean and so impudent that I gave him a light cut with my whip and told him to get out of my sight. He muttered something and slunk off. There was no other animal that I cared to ride, and I made up my mind to walk.

I had left the ranch several hundred yards behind me when I turned and looked back. Even at that distance I could plainly recognize Pedro. He was walking around a little cabin back of the kitchen, and was apparently peeping through the cracks.

"Looking at the man eater," I said to myself. "It is a good thing the beast is locked up."

The bracing morning air and the level prairie stretching out before me for miles tempted me to take a long walk. A long way off I could see a hill, the only one in all that flat country. Why not climb it and see what was on the other side? Perhaps Sallie was over there.

So I walked on with swinging strides for a couple of miles.

Suddenly I came to a dead halt.

"That sounds like the man eater's bark!" I exclaimed. Again I heard it and stopped a moment.

For an instant my muscles were paralyzed—I was absolutely unable to move.

A thousand horrible thoughts rushed into my mind. If this mad bloodhound was on my track my case was hopeless. I could not get back to the ranch; there was not a tree in sight and the hill was still miles away. What was to be done?

I summoned all my strength and made a run at the top of my speed. I kept on as long as I could, and then paused to rest and listen. The man eater was coming my way, but not much faster than I could run.

I resumed my flight. Would a mad dog have his usual keen instincts about him? Would he pursue the trail or become confused and give it up?

These thoughts inspired me with a faint hope. If the dog's slow progress enabled me to reach the hill, where there was timber, I could climb a tree, or possibly he would be misled and his master would ride in pursuit.

From one point where there was a gentle rise in the prairie I could see in the distance a moving speck.

It was the man eater steadily following my trail!

My surmise turned out to be partly correct. The animal seemed to be at fault. He would stop and run back a few yards and branch off aimlessly in every direction. But this did not last long. After a series of eccentric movements the hound would get on my track again and rush forward. He was gaining, and my chances of reaching the hill began to look gloomy.

For the next fifteen minutes I did some good running, but when I turned to cast a backward glance I could see the dog more plainly than ever.

One thing encouraged me; he did not appear to see me, but blundered on in a clumsy, dazed sort of way.

There were no streams to cross—nothing that would throw him off the scent. I had no weapon, only a small pocket-knife, and a fight with a mad dog was out of the question. My strength was giving out, and I felt that the end was not far off.

When I again looked back the dog was not more than 300 yards away, and the base of the hill was still a mile off.

A spasm of terror seized me, but to my surprise the great brute suddenly sat down on his haunches and howled plaintively. It was a minute or two before he found the trail again. If his wailing had dimmed his sight and con-

fused him there was still a chance for me, but it was a slim one. With a tremendous effort I broke forward on my last run. This time I would reach the hill or turn at the last moment and die, making a vain effort to choke the monster. The blood rushed to my head, and I could hardly see anything as I darted on at the top of my speed.

The hound was rapidly making headway, and at last seemed to have me in view. A glance over my shoulder showed him not a hundred yards behind.

Everything was in a whirl. Somebody was riding out from behind the hill and coming my way. The hat, the riding habit—I could not be mistaken—it was Sallie Bolton. But my race was nearly run. Even with help in sight I could bear up no longer. The girl was riding like the wind, and I could see that she had a lasso in one hand.

I knew that this cattle queen, as the cowboys called her, could do anything almost with a lasso, but would she get there in time?

The man eater came bounding on, and Sallie rode straight at him like a little thunderbolt. She whirled the lasso over and over around her head, and—but it was too late—I could hear the dog panting behind me!

A wave of darkness rolled over me as I fell to the ground, just as I heard something swish through the air.

But I was up in a minute—just in time to see my rescuer give a pull that tightened the lasso around the dog's neck. A few convulsions, and the dog was strangled—dead within six feet of me. My thanks were cut short by the appearance of a light wagon driven by one of Bolton's neighbors, who offered to take me back to the ranch, an invitation not to be declined under the circumstances.

Sallie Bolton rode on ahead, and when I reached the house her father was waiting to congratulate me upon my escape. "It was Pedro's work," he said. "He unlocked the door and set the dog on your trail—at least, I think so. He had a key, and he has disappeared."

Undoubtedly it was Pedro. He had been trying to pay me back.

I have never seen the Boltons since my adventure with the man eater, but I am not likely to forget the little cattle queen while I live.—Atlanta Constitution.

A Duchess' Pug Dog.

In this city lives a pug dog owned by the Duchess of Marlborough, for the support of which nearly \$1,300 yearly is spent. The duke does not like such animals, it seems, and when Mrs. Ham-mersley married him the dog's fate became a problem. It was rather old and wheezy, and a specialist of this city was chosen as the deprecator barker's guardian.

Pug is bathed every other day in hot milk and fed with chopped steak. He wears a blanket out of doors and is never taken upon a walk unaccompanied. His kennel has three divisions for sleeping, eating and bathing; respectively, the sides being of glass to permit a thorough observation of him at all times. The duchess is written to weekly that the pet's condition may always be known to her. Its name is Woowoo.—Philadelphia Press.

Where the Bird Was Going.

In illustration of a curious sort of discriminating roguery which appears to be characteristic of the Maltese dealers, Mr. Hardy tells a story of a naval friend who stopped one Christmas time in the great market in Valetta before the stall of "a Joe" with whom he had had many dealings. The color of one of his turkeys, all trussed and ready for the spit, attracted him. The breast of the victim was of a bluish purple, the legs were scraggy and also discolored, but otherwise the bird seemed to have been well fed.

Pointing to it he asked, "How much?" Joe fell back, and beckoning him to him explained matters thus: "Dat not for you, signor; dat for de hotel." Then in a mysterious but impressive whisper he added, "He die."—London News.

Ingenious Comment.

The first time a certain Sunday school class of nine boys, ranging in age from five to nine years, was told the story of the flood their interest was great. Noah and his family, the ark, its object and many of the animals saved were graphically described. Johnnie, seven years old, showed the most interest, and after the ark had been pictured as loaded asked:

"How long was they in there, them and the animals?"

"Forty days and forty nights," was the answer, whereupon the youngster gave a short whistle and remarked:

"My! but that must have been nuf right better 'an a circus."—New York Tribune.

The Artist's Part.

A scene in a picture gallery shows a "model model" in a man who serves as a model for an artist and who in the artist's absence explains the pictures to a lady visitor.

"From whom did Mr. McGilp paint that head?"

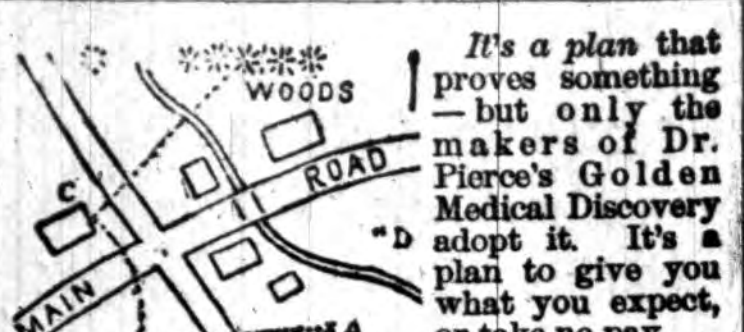
"From yours obediently, madam. I sits for the 'eds of all 'is old men."

"He must find you a very useful person."

"Yes, madam; I order his frames, stretch his canvas, wash all his brushes, set his palette and mix his colors. All he's got to do is to shove 'em on."—London Tit-Bits.

The Young People Are Young.

Sad as Prince Hamlet, the young man said that the earth was growing old and bald; that it would soon have to wear false trees and leaves; that all the volcanoes had the asthma, and that New Yorkers were condemned for life to hear "The Huguenots" and "Lucia" and "Trovatore." He said also that all the beautiful illusions were gone, leaving the world a prey to microbes, but while he talked a young woman appeared whose golden eyes were full of sparks, and his father replied: "Yes, the earth is old, but how young are the young people!"—New York Times.



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